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SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 19

Democratic Ticket.

FOR CONGRESS.

David H. Kincheloe.

FOR SENATOR.

(Long Term.)

J. C. W. Beckham.

FOR SENATOR.

(Short Term.)

JOHNSON N. CAMDEN.

And there stood Maine.

You can keep the war correspondent in the back ground, but you can't keep him from lying. Where there is no news, he makes it.

George F. Campbell, chief of police at Johnson City, Tenn., was shot and killed by a negro by the name of Figaro. The officer attempted to arrest the negro for wife-beating.

This part of Kentucky is still a little short on rainfall. The total precipitation since January first is 30.04; total same period last year, 35.87; normal for same period 35 inches.

Fusion against the Republican party in Pennsylvania has been accomplished by the nomination of the Democratic candidate for Governor, V. C. McCormick, by the Washington party.

The Belgian commissioners who called on President Wilson were overwhelmed with compliments, heard a good speech, got a pleasant smile and a cordial handshake, but a decision on their charges was politely referred to the future peace tribunal.

Mott Ayers, formerly of the Fulton Leader, is now located at Laurel, Miss., where he is publishing a daily by the same name, a consolidation of all of the Laurel newspapers. The issues received by the Kentuckians show it to be a prosperous looking journal in every respect. Col. Ayers has the good wishes of his Kentucky friends.

As a result of American administration of the Vera Cruz customs office the Carranza government will receive a cash balance of more than \$1,000,000. The gross customs receipts up to August 29 were \$1,800,000, from which was deducted about \$690,000 for customs administration and the maintenance of quarantine, lighthouse, pilot house service and part of the postal service.

Mrs. Nora Childers, a school teacher, charged with the murder of her husband, Charles Childers, was convicted at Barbourville and received a sentence of from two to five years. The jury was out five days. Intense interest was shown in the trial. A dozen lawyers, including Congressman Celeb Powers, were engaged. A former trial resulted in a hung jury. An appeal will be taken. Childers was a traveling man and was killed at his home last Christmas.

The proceedings involving fishing privileges in Reelfoot Lake are at last to be fully and finally settled. The last cause was styled the State of Tennessee vs. J. C. Burdick. He claimed to have a lease that does not expire for three years yet on a certain part of the lake. The state of Tennessee has agreed to pay to J. C. Burdick the sum of \$2,000 for his lease and allow him all royalties collected and Mr. Burdick has agreed to relinquish and surrender his lease to the state. The state assumes and will pay all costs of the suit. This settles a long series of lawsuits, troubles and arguments that have

"STUNG!"

By XENO W. PUTNAM.

When a man has wandered about in the realms of complacency over the enjoyment of his final cigar, until approaching the borderland of slumber, the sharp jingle of the telephone bell is rather a startling occurrence, especially in the dead of night when there is no other sound.

John Mason came out of his doze with a start and in much the same stage of excitement which a criminal would feel when caught red-handed. His hand even shook as he took down the receiver.

"Hello!"

"Hello! Is this Mr. Mason?"

"Yes. Who is this?"

"Not so fast, please. My business with you is strictly private. Are you alone in the room?"

Coming to him as it did, the question seemed a bit uncanny.

"I am," he suggested, glancing around a little apprehensively as though he did not feel quite sure about it.

"Well, this is from your business office. Understand?"

"I do not understand. My office closed at six o'clock; I locked the door myself, and no one else has a key. Who are you, anyway?"

"Ah! Softly, please. Don't be inquisitive."

"Then what do you want?"

"Now you are talking. First, though, let me tell you something. You know that powder you have stored in the basement ready for the hunting season?"

"Well, what of it?"

"Make quite an explosion, wouldn't it?"

"'Twould wreck the whole building."

"Yes? Well, just at this moment one end of a good quick fuse rests in that powder and the other is in your desk within three feet of my hand. Do you follow? Hello! Hold on, now. Don't get excited or act hastily. A fuse doesn't hurt so long as it isn't lighted. Just wanted you to see what might happen if things didn't please the people in control here; that is all. Stop now! Never mind about Central. I want to talk to you. We have a little work to do here that requires the opening of your safe."

"Hello! Are you there? All right. Well, we seem not to have got the combination, and prefer calling in the engineer to blowing up the boiler. I am sorry to disturb you, but we have tried to be as considerate as we could. You will find a cab at your door."

"By smart driving you can reach here in between six and seven minutes from the time you leave the phone; but, mind you, now, that will not give you any time for any side trips or nonsense."

"All right, I'll come!" Mason shouted, and hung up the receiver.

What could he do? To arouse his household and make the necessary explanations would consume at least five of those seven precious minutes. Should he try the police? They were quite as unreliable in the time at his command.

As the only chance, he called up Central, told the girl rapidly to send the police around to his office—no, no, not the house!—the office—quick as she could. Then he rushed for the cab and allowed himself to be driven away at breakneck speed.

The more he thought it over the more he failed to see the funny side of his situation, if it had one—and he was not sure that it had. If all went well, he still would be at the office, in the hands of his enemies, within the time specified; but what did they mean to do with him? Make him open the safe for one thing, of course, and he thought with regret of the good, fat collections that had been turned in to him the night before after banking hours. In spite of his worry over what was going to happen to his property, he could not help feeling a generous concern over what was likely to happen to himself. Supposing the burglars were not satisfied with their loot!

Then, too, what if the girl at Central failed to understand the situation? Central had been known to mix things up before then; and this was such an unusual occurrence. He had not dared take time to let her repeat his message to him for correction.

On the arrival of the officers, too, a new danger would confront him.

committed, possibly by this gang, and the police, smarting under the severe prodding they had received from the local papers, were about in the right humor to shoot on sight. Mason was not a large man; still there was a great plenty of him at a time when all there was of him would be in danger.

In spite of his nervousness over his impending fate the time and distance of his ride between his house and office seemed longer than it ever had before. Of course that might be due to his highly wrought nerves. He was thinking so fast and of so many things at once that the amount of mental ground he covered evidently made the material distance seem great. Still he half doubted whether they had come the most direct route or not, and tried to peer out of the cab to assure himself of something, he hardly knew what.

While in the very act of doing so the cab pulled up at his office door so suddenly as to all but cause his debarkation in a direction wholly different from the usual course of egress.

A glance around convinced Mason that the building was still unwrecked; so it looked as if they had arrived on time.

Just as he was about to enter the building it occurred to him that he had seen no sign of a guard and he considered it possible that the fuse had been fired already and the burglars were seeking safety in flight. Under those circumstances Mason more than ever wished to avoid any seeming dissension from their views, so he rapidly concluded to wait a little before entering, and it also occurred to him that the opposite side of the street would be a better place for waiting.

Neither burglar nor explosion came to reward his caution, however, and naturally curiosity was fast gaining a mastery when he was suddenly beset on all sides by a rush of bluecoats, who were so elated over their capture that it was several minutes before their error could be proved to them. Then there was a simultaneous rush for the office, over which the wary chief had placed a watchful guard before their rush upon the supposed burglar sentinel.

In the center of the room lay the door of the safe, where it had fallen when blown open. Scattered around were such of the contents as could not be converted into cash. The money itself and all negotiable valuables were missing. Evidently it had been a deliberate job, where every paper was examined and its value carefully determined.

"And only to think," exclaimed Mason, "that they did it all in the few minutes I was coming from my house here! I am certain they were gone before I arrived."

"Nonsense!" said the chief, passing his hand over the safe door. "This job alone was never done in seven minutes; and, besides, it must have happened half an hour or more ago, for the metal is cold."

"Then what the deuce was their object in calling me up to open it for them after it was already open?"

"Search me, unless it was just pure bravado—a sort of boasting over a slick job. But my word for it, the safe was open and the job done when they called you up. They were off as rapidly as you were after they once got you started. Strange, though, they went to the trouble of sending that cab for you if they hadn't some other object."

Just then the telephone rang again, with a suddenness that gave them all a start.

"Hello! Who is this?" answered Mason.

"Is this John Mason's office?"

"It is. What's wanted?"

"Well, this is your residence. I just wanted to tell you that we had a little business here which we believed could be done better during your absence."

"We wanted you to take a little trip, and felt sure you would manage some way to take the attention of the police along with you after the tip you got. We are through here now, and have managed not to disturb your family in the least. You can return now whenever you get ready. Thanks. Good-by."

John Mason and the officers looked at each other in blank astonishment for a full minute, then the chief exclaimed:

"Well, doesn't that jar you?"

"It certainly does," replied the crestfallen merchant as he turned out the light and walked through the door.

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Lard Pure Hog Per 50 Lb. \$6.25

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Notice to Contractors.

Sealed bids will be received to build 1500 yards pike on the Mt. Z ar road, beginning at the Bu termilk road, near Pleasant Green church. All bids must be in by Sept. 30, 1914. Bond and approved security will be required and the right reserved to reject any and all bids. For plans and specification or any other information call on,

J. H. DILLMAN,

Advertisement. Road Engineer.

Superstition.

"What worries me about my wife," said Mr. Meekton, confidentially, "is that she is getting superstitious."

"What about?" "Me. Whenever anything goes wrong she always manages to figure it out that I'm the person who brought bad luck into the family."

Potato Peeling Distinction.

A. B. C. writes to us about a delicate point in use of words. Our correspondent objects to the use of the word "peeling" as applied in the story of Sacco Bonna and the potatoes, a few weeks ago. The word should have been "paring." There is authority for the contention that raw potatoes are pared, while potatoes boiled with their jackets on may be peeled. It is a fine distinction, but logical. You pare a thing by taking a knife and removing its outer integument—together with some of the substance of the thing itself. But to peel an apple or a potato or a case of sunburn, you seize the already loosened integument itself and simply strip it off—it's hard to put into words, but you see how it is don't you?

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Daily Thought.

"Patience . . . and have faith and thy prayer will be answered."—Longfellow.

KENTUCKY FAIR DATES.

The following are the dates fixed for holding the Kentucky fairs for 1914, as reported:

Horse Cave, Sept. 23—4 days.
Pennyroyal Fair, Hopkinsville, Sept. 29—5 days.
Glasgow, Sept. 30—4 days.
Paducah, Oct. 6—4 days.
Murray, Oct. 7—3 days.

Japanese Denied Luxuries.

The most expensive single fruit in the Japanese fruit stores is the natsukan, a species of grapefruit (Citrus decumana), which sells throughout the winter for 7½ cents each. These are not eaten in great quantities by the class of people who make the great fruit-buying population in the United States. The average income of the Japanese family of four is about \$150 a year. This sum does not leave much margin for the purchase of luxuries.

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100	"	"	"	.60
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